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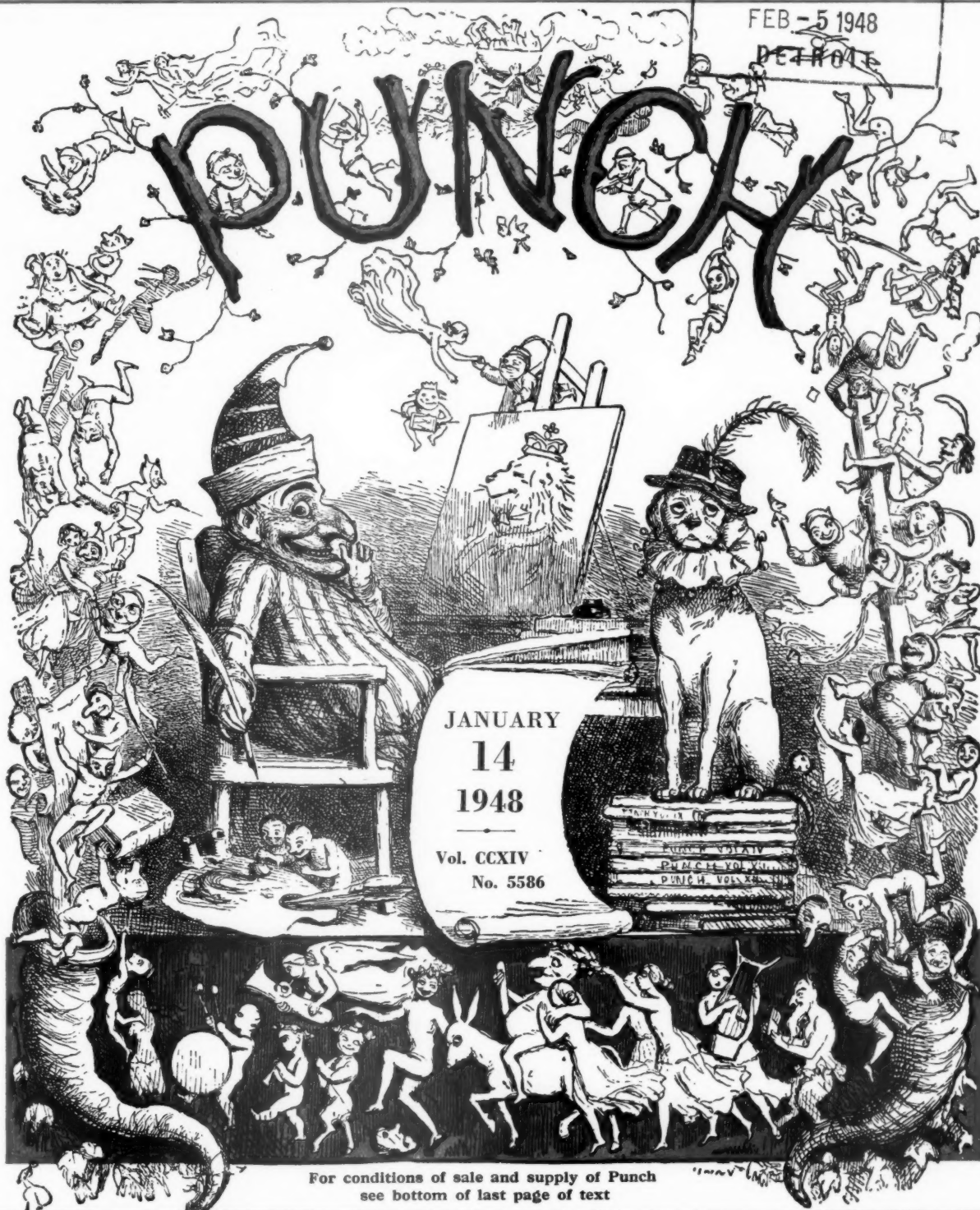
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Vol. CCXIV
No. 5586

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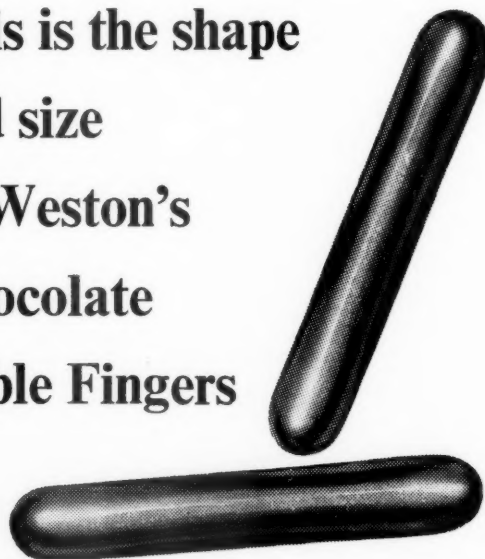
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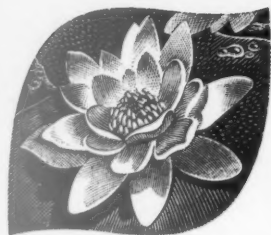
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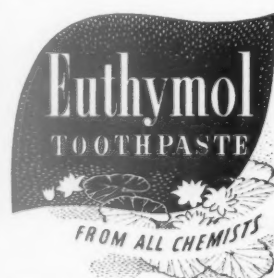


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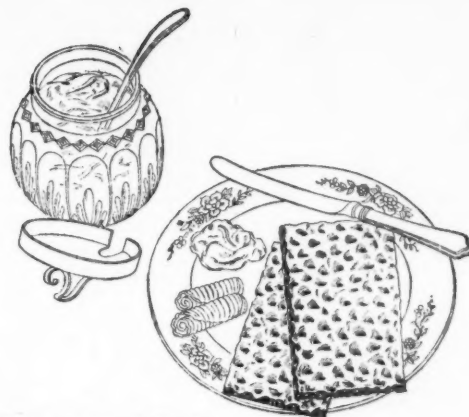


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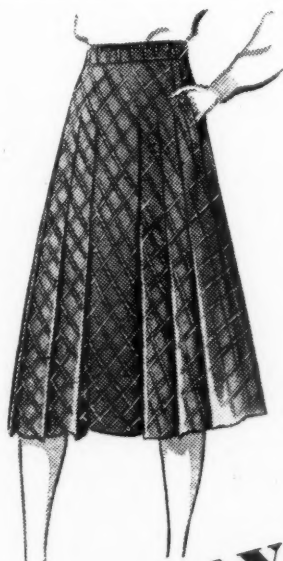
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my boy"

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One of the tasks of the Y.M.C.A. is to serve young men in these circumstances. It offers friendship and encouragement, as well as recreative activities, for body, mind and spirit. Your son may be one of the many thousands who look to the Y.M.C.A. for help and guidance. By supporting this great undertaking now, you can do something to ensure that he does not look in vain. Please send a contribution to-day.



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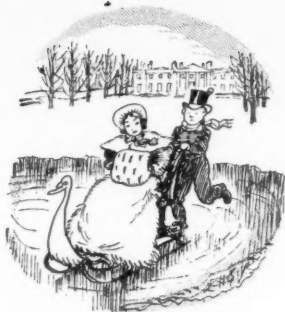
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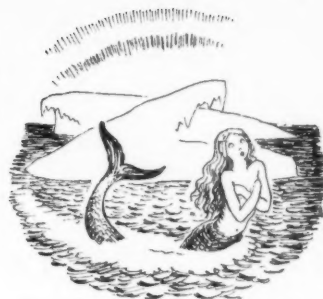
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Or

The London Charivari



Vol. CCXIV No. 5586

January 14 1948

Charivaria

THERE is no confirmation of a report that State control of the railways will eventually lead to the running of trains in triplicate.

A journalistic body fears that the newspapers of ten years ago will not be seen by many of us in Britain again. Well, the scenery will.

Flags were not hoisted on railway stations as was the case when the coal mines were nationalized. And to a great extent they still remain lowered on taxi-cabs.

First-Fruits of Nationalization

"WEST HAM TRAIN AT SOUTHEAD"

"Nottingham Guardian."



"FATAL ALTERCATION OVER TRIFLE"

"Ceylon Daily News."

Probably threw the bowl as well.

An American doctor tried to get a meal of ham and eggs in three London restaurants without success. But they had heard of it.

"How to Win Friends and Fortune" is the title of a recent booklet. Or why not halve the work by winning the fortune first?

An elocutionist says it is practically impossible to describe something really exciting without using the hands. Mr. Stewart MacPherson doesn't care.

The police report that many people turn their dogs out of the house to avoid having to pay licences for them. But for some reason they seldom come across wireless-sets abandoned in the streets.

We are assured by an American writer that the United States are more than willing to send to this country anything of which they have a surplus. Snow, for instance.

A man was seriously injured in a London tube station recently. It appears he got knocked down trying to leave the platform by the Exit Only stairs, instead of the No Way Out passage.

Friendly Gesture from Franco

"The Spanish Government intends to remedy the appalling condition of most of the main roads in this country at a cost of £500m."—"The Times."

The Government complains of a shortage of labour. Is this the same shortage as was noticeable in the municipal election results?

In a provincial pantomime a horse appears at an open window and plays the piano-accordion. This performance is in place of the usual comic gallop round the stage, the hind legs having been directed.



Magic

PRESTIDIGITATORS, illusionists, masters of legerdemain, lend me your watches! But think not to deceive me, for I hold you in the hollow of my palm. Your false-backed boxes and your mirrors, I know them, your bags of expanding flowers, your confederates, your double pairs of silken handkerchiefs and your futile packs of cards.

I have studied them since boyhood and conned all the books and brochures in which you so generously expose the secrets of your brotherhood. Am I not a reader of *Abracadabra*, the World's Only Magic Weekly, which produces its paper supply (after first tearing it into tiny pieces) out of an inverted opera-hat?

A reader also of those elementary primers in which the lesser magi confide their secrets to the young? Take this:

Next slip your two thumbs into the loop, one each side of the button-hole, and draw the loop tight. The thumbs should point upwards. Having done this, catch up the top strand of string on the left of the button-hole with the little finger of the right hand and, similarly, catch up the top strand of string on the right of the button-hole with the little finger of the left hand. Pull on the string so that all the strands are tight.

Now let go with the left thumb and right little finger, but keep the right thumb and left little finger tight. The pressure of this last thumb and finger will cause the string to lengthen out with a jerk and, what is more, it will be no longer threaded through the button-hole. The impression caused is that it has torn its way through the coat.

That done, what easier after a little practice than to fasten the flags of all the nations to the top strand of the string, while bringing the goldfish from the secret shelf up to the level of the table with the right forefinger, and at the same time causing the apparently invisible cigarette to drop into the mouth and the guinea-pig previously placed in the canister to eat its way through the pocket of the stout gentleman in the front row of the stalls?

Disappearance? Levitation? Illimitable live-stock? I make me a mock of them. Consider the *Strand Magazine* of December 1902:

This bowl is suspended by means of straps attached to a waist belt worn by the performer under his costume—each strap has a hook upon the lower end of it which is hitched under a ring-edge on the bowl, and at the moment of production, when the silk rug is covering the performer from his feet to his waist, he stoops until the bowl reaches the ground and the hooks drag out of the ring-edge by their own weight. He then stands upright, leaving of course the bowl and its contents upon the stage, steps back and draws away the rug, displaying the animals which by this time are running in every direction, covering, apparently, most of the stage.

Of course, my dear Mahatma. And in another place have I not a photograph of the young David Devant causing the transparent ghost of a lady to swim in mid-air in front of his evening waistcoat, in days when evening waistcoats were as dark as young David's hair? *She lies on a black velvet couch beneath the stage . . . a powerful electric light is cast upon the reclining figure of the lady, the lights behind the plate-glass are slightly lowered.*

It is all as easy as that.

Nevertheless, I allow myself to relax at times, and submit to a pretence that I am bamboozled by the Djinns. By Mr. Jasper Maskelyne, for instance, who after surrendering the stage of the Westminster Theatre to the ventriloquism of Saveen and "his little friend," to Harry Hemsley and his child voices (Harry Hemsley reads a single page of *Punch* for about fifteen minutes, a thing that I could never do), to

Kuda Bax, who can see through a dozen blindfold bandages, and to the comic blunders of Mr. Arthur Dowler, finally appears in his own person to guillotine a poor young girl and to have long sharp nails justly hammered through both his wrists by a herd of exultant boys. After that he balances a lady on the points of three swords, and knocks away two of them so that she lies suspended gracefully on one. Mr. Jasper Maskelyne was I/C Deceptive Camouflage in the Western Desert during the recent troubles, so that he has had plenty of opportunity of practising this easy trick.

And then there is Dante at the Saville Theatre. Dante, who is on the high road to immortality, and has so many cases and cabinets that, for all his transatlantic patter, he sometimes make me think of the hero of *The Hunting of the Snark*:

He had forty-two boxes all carefully packed,

With his name painted clearly on each:

But, since he omitted to mention the fact,

They were all left behind on the beach.

Not that Dante has left any of them behind. They are all carefully packed with beautiful young girls, and "mystery maids," and not usually with the ones you were intended to suppose. The chief of them are Moi-yo Miller, Australia's most Beautiful Woman, who is noisily sawn in two, and Victoria Lopez, who sings well and is squashed quite flat. I don't know the names of the others. (One of them might be Anne Dante? Have it your own way.) Dante, at any rate, as ever, produces unending glasses of stout from an empty barrel, and in a performance of over two hours hardly ever leaves the stage. He concludes by carefully packing Miss Moi-yo Miller into a trunk, slinging her up with a pulley, and dashing her to the ground where the trunk breaks with a dreadful crash and she disappears. Carefully packed into another trunk, she then slides down a rope from the back of the roof of the auditorium to be unpacked again. It must be very interesting to see Dante going through the Customs at Southampton. This particular trick is done as follows.

EVOE.

Behold This Boy.

DREAD Mars, thy sins have put to flight
The adolescent appetite,
Thy greed shall ever be reviled
By this distended little child.

Behold this boy who by thy grace
Finds it impossible to face
A fourth mince-pie, nor dare he take
Another slice of Christmas cake.

On this most happy holy day
He turns his sickening face away;
No, thanks, he says. These words strike cold
Upon the conscience of the old.

The tree is lit, the garlands hang,
But lonely sits the last meringue,
And next to it in sad divorce
The remnants of the chocolate sauce.

Oh Mars, thou brazen idol, we
Have given up our lives to thee!
Do thou in just reward ordain
That little tummies swell again. V. G.



THE PRISONER OF WAR

"Send him back, Mr. Attlee."



"Kew Gardens—QUICKLY."

Six White Hens in Search of an Owner

THE garden in which the present writer digs has the peculiarity of sharing a common frontier with four other gardens. Three is the more usual number, viz., one at each side and another beyond the fence at the bottom. But here, for some reason, the fences that divide the lower row of houses one from another do not continue the line of the fences separating the upper houses—they are staggered, in the modern idiom—with the result that about two yards of the bottom fence of this house belong to the house next-door to the house immediately below. If this is not clear, the reader is advised to take six match-boxes and lay them out in two rows, with the ends touching. He should then stagger the rows by pushing the lower one a quarter of an inch to the right and imagine himself to be living in the middle box of the upper row. Readers who cannot imagine themselves living in a match-box are unsuited to the modern world and may stop reading.

All four gardens contiguous with the garden in which the present writer digs harbour hens and all four owners have chosen to house their hens in the corners of their property which have a common boundary with this garden. It would be tedious to elaborate on this arrangement with

the aid of a sketch-map, but the reader may rest assured that the bottom right-hand corner of this garden has hens to the right of it only, whereas the bottom left-hand corner has hens to the left, to the front and to the right-front. From the room in which the present digger writes the tops of all four hen-houses can be clearly seen.

Lovers of poultry distinguish readily between varieties of the species, employing such terms as Buff Orpington and White Wyandotte to express themselves. Others must be content to say that the birds at the bottom right are white, while those at the bottom left are respectively brown, white and brown. From this it is easy to see that those that fly over into this garden must be either white or brown, and such in fact is the case. It is also apparent that any white bird found pecking the cabbages must belong either to the right- or to the left-hand neighbour, and any brown bird must come from below. But further than that it is not easy to go.

The assumption, based on the Theory of Probability, that any white bird found in the bottom right half of the garden must have come from the right-hand garden proved too rough-and-ready and had to be abandoned. In the early

days a persistent white hen was returned, on this principle, no fewer than six times in one afternoon to the right-hand enclosure. In the evening the left-hand owner expressed surprise on finding that his entire stock had disappeared, and made observations about black-market racketeers. It seemed best to the present writer to content himself on this occasion with the remark that it would be interesting to know whether his right-hand neighbour, who also kept white hens, had similarly been raided, and to keep himself aloof from the subsequent recriminations, which were of an actionable nature.

Arising out of this incident, a remark was made by the right-hand neighbour to the effect that only a fool would let his poultry stray; his birds, he added, could not possibly get out of their run. Henceforward all white hens were accordingly thrown back into the left-hand garden, a great simplification which left the present thrower free to concentrate on the problem of the brown hens. These came over with less regularity than the whites, but made a practice of raiding in groups, four or five at a time. Where even numbers arrived, the obvious solution was to give half to each of the possible owners, thus ensuring that neither was for any considerable length of time completely devoid of birds, but the ultimate destination of odd birds had to be left to chance. The procedure in their case was to launch them into the air at or about the point of juncture of the bottom fence with the party-fence between the two gardens concerned and let their own exertions decide the issue.

It was interesting to note how frequently they landed in the garden from which the present launcher had launched them.

The reduction to a single lame fowl of the stock of the right-hand owner had by this time forced him to modify his earlier statement and to make inquiries about the missing birds. He was referred to the left-hand owner, who declined to speak to him but let it be known through the present intermediary that all surplus white birds arriving on his property had been immediately thrown into the lower left-hand garden on the ground that they must have come from somewhere. The lower left-hand owner, surprised in the act of sorting out brown birds and dropping the more objectionable into the lower right-hand run, maintained that she had no white birds to dispose of at present. But she calculated that she had popped between thirty and forty of this variety into the upper left-hand garden in the course of the last few days; she could see from her bedroom window, she added, that the upper left-hand owner kept a large stock of mixed strains running loose in his garden. She then looked over the fence into the upper left-hand garden, which to the present writer's surprise turned out to be the present writer's garden looked at from the point of view of a lower left-hand gardener, and counted six white birds among the cabbages.

The present writer thereupon went home and wrote the present article. H. F. E.

Non-Commissioned Wife

LIFE at Westney Barracks was, to say the least of it, slightly crazy.

Husband and wife both wore uniform; one was commissioned and the other not generally unknown as the slackest, untidiest and most unenthusiastic Wren in the whole command.

Tony sallied forth to the parade ground, resplendent in glassy creaking leather, shimmering brasses, faultless uniform—the combined efforts of two batmen and himself.

Five minutes after him, through the same sacred front door, emerged a huddled collection of blue serge—the general issue of bell-bottoms for a small male sailor, the soft shapeless Wren beret, washed pale purple by rain and wind and more often than not minus a tally band, a pair of expensive-looking grey astrakhan gloves (my own contribution to show that I did not really depend on my pay), and a shapeless unpressed greatcoat that smelled of the dust of railway trains and canteens, as every greatcoat always does.

With superhuman strength I would gather up an immensely old-fashioned bicycle lying against the railing and probably hooked on by the handlebars. Sankey, the mainstay of the household, might emerge from the area in his vest

and plimsolls and decide five minutes before I was due at work that I wanted "a bit of wind." My pump would probably be in bits or a vital part would be missing, the other Marine had not got one, and Tony, in his infinite wisdom, would have hidden his away.

"Hell!" I'd say wearily at 8.24 A.M. "I'll go on the rims. What does it matter?"

Sankey would give me a take-it-or-leave-it look that I grew to dread.

"Miss Daphne" (he had known me too long to appreciate the fact that someone had been foolish enough to marry me)—"Miss Daphne," he would announce, "if I can't go shoppin' on that bike we'll never get nuthin' done all day."

"All right—all right," I would agree hastily. "Blow it up—blow it all up."

With great deliberation and a singed cigarette just visible between his lips Sankey would start combing the house for the missing pump. He would run it to earth, shamle down the steps where I, by now, was spread out studying his *Daily Mirror* and obviously causing some passing orderlies much quiet amusement. He would begin by giving it a pump every five minutes with much fuss and by-play of

testing the tyre between thumb and finger.

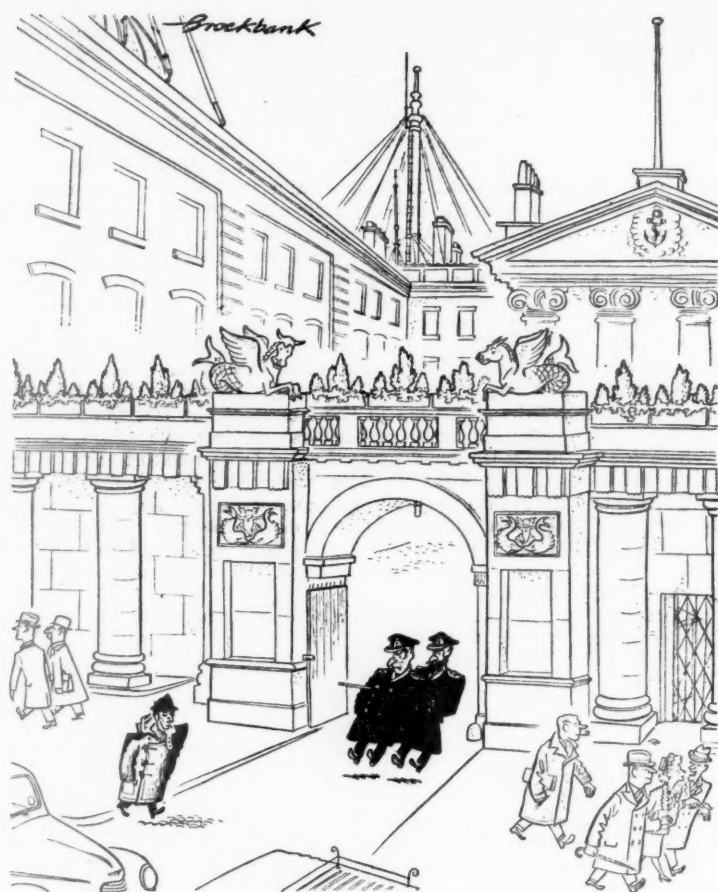
Struck anew by his incredible appearance, a cross between a deep-seam miner and a South Sea island beach-comber, I would say: "The Colonel's batman wears a white coat with silver buttons and gloves. Come to think of it, you did when you were with Daddy . . ."

It was an old battle and I'd lost before we started. There were a hundred good reasons why he should wear his vest and sandshoes in a highly civilized household. There was a war on, he was a pensioner, he was overworked, we was out all day, he never knew when he was going to be called on to cook Something.

With a flutter of spirit I'd say, "You mean its quicker when you want to get your head down—nothing to take off."

"Miss Daphne, I arst you"—with a wave of the pump at me; when he "arst" me, I knew that something deep and logical was coming up—"if you was on the go cookin' with fat"—as though he spent his whole day basting enormous haunches of venison on a constantly rotating spit—"breakfast early for the Captain, dinner for two, never knowin', you wouldn't wear your best clothes, now would you?"

"I wouldn't cook in my pants and



DUFFLE

vest anyway," I would say. It was unelegant and unworthy of the Adjutant's wife, I knew, as I prepared to mount my clanking pedal cycle, trying to look more dignified than I felt.

I would then suddenly find myself paralysed and grateful for Sankey's strong arm. "Better mind them turn-ups in yer chain," he would say, giving me a hearty push off in the direction of the Range and a head-on gale.

Tony and I were always coming across one another professionally. We worked at neighbouring establishments, and to get to mine I had to cycle the length and breadth of his. Considering the manner in which we came across one another I think he bore up like a hero.

At first I would tell him with glee that the sentry had called me "Queenie" and made more fuss than was strictly necessary about inspecting my pay book. Then I authorized all my friends to cycle through the

barracks without passes, and the Orderly Room and the Adjutant's office telephones were overloaded with reproach and recrimination. Then, in my anxiety on meeting a platoon of marching men, and not knowing whether to go through their ranks, get off and press myself into a hedge or just skid madly by hoping there was room enough, I fell off right in front of them.

Feverishly I gathered myself together, shook my machine from my feet as they pressed on. Menacing and pink-cheeked, I leaned panting against the hedge just in time to see them about to advance over my only small change, two shillings and sixpence. That was a matter that could not wait. It was either the rear section leader or myself.

An embarrassed subaltern who recognized me tried to offer assistance. "It's all right, thank you," I said, "I am just waiting for two and sixpence."

He looked rather agonized and his hand strayed to his pocket. I fled, and that was another thing Tony had to explain.

There were two other occasions when he might well have had cause to regret marrying so far beneath him. One was the usual inspection of heads for livestock from which nobody was exempt. I found I had to go with the rest when I was supposed to accompany my husband to the Junior N.C.O.s' Boxing Finals—an Important Affair.

Seeing Tony sitting alone in a ring-side seat the General, I gather, called across in the booming voice that all good generals affect—"Your good lady not here, my boy?"

Presumably dazzled by the thought of possessing a Good Lady, Tony responded brightly—"No, sir, she's having her head looked into at Fort Cumberland."

The other occasion was when the Adjutant put his foot down about the disgraceful slackness amongst the rankers in not carrying their pay books with them. He threw in his small army of Military Police, and with two trucks they waited on strategic corners and vital gates to catch the unwary.

They apparently had had a dull time of it until they netted me, ambling home in the evening sunlight pay-bookless and unrepentant.

"You'll have to go along to the Adjutant's office," they told me grimly, as if he were sitting there in wait with thumb-screws and rack for offenders, whereas I knew he was having his hair cut by a corporal in the spare room of what was officially known as the Adjutant's residence.

Seeing that I was undismayed, in fact overjoyed, they asked my official number, my establishment and finally what right had I to be in the barracks at all.

"Oh, I'm going to the Adjutant's house," I said.

They smiled. "Oh, visiting?" they loftily supposed.

I discreetly considered my nails. "No—actually—I—er—I live with him."

I was hustled on with profuse apologies. The code of honour amongst men is apparently a strong one. I thought that would teach the Adjutant to put on military manoeuvres without warning me.

◦ ◦ ◦ Coincidence

"Owing to the appointed referee not turning up, play commenced twenty minutes late and after securing one of Watchets supporters as referee, Watchet were first to score."—*Somerset paper.*

Louis XIV's Whistle

COGBOTTLE folded his *Times*, put it under his arm, and said "Ah." Upfoot looked at his watch at once and began to behave like a man about to be called away.

"It seems," Cogbottle said, "that Salisbury city council, on being presented with an ancient whistling tankard, were—"

"Was," said Upfoot hopefully.

"All right. Was told," Cogbottle amiably went on, "that this ancient device was what started the use of the phrase 'wetting your whistle.'"

Against his better judgment Upfoot said "Exactly how ancient?"

"The tankard under review," replied Cogbottle, looking at the paper again, "was two hundred and thirty-three years old."

Upfoot frowned. His lips moved. He began "Seventeen—seventeen—"

"Why not say seventeen-fifteen? It's one of the dates I know. Louis XIV died."

"Now there was a man. I always say—"

"You always say '*le Roi Soleil*'—I know," said Cogbottle. "You can do the guttural R—I know. But the point I wanted to make was one about language—philology, I mean, not pronunciation. It entertains me to see how people will always go for the picturesque, complicated derivation rather than the simple ordinary one, the one that's really infinitely more likely to be right merely because it's less trouble."

"Does that really follow?"

"Certainly it follows," Cogbottle said warmly. "The line of least resistance is the key to practically all behaviour, and always has been. You ought to know by now that's one of my pet subjects."

"I had incautiously forgotten," Upfoot murmured. "You mean there's a simpler derivation for—"

"Very much simpler. In fact *The Times* puts up its customary triangle of warning asterisks and with slightly raised eyebrows gives it underneath, from Brewer. 'Wet' is the obvious verb, constantly used as slang for 'drink,' and 'whistle' is simply one's own whistle."

"One's own built-in whistle."

"Exactly. It even comes in Chaucer, they point out: 'So was her joly whistle wel y-wet.'"

"More than three hundred years," said Upfoot, clearing his throat, "before—"

"Before the Sun King," said Cogbottle quickly. "Precisely. But that isn't interesting enough for people. They've got to connect it with some concrete, entertaining curiosity. Look at the tortuous derivations people delight to dig up for the most ordinary inn-signs; they'd rather have them complicated, it makes something to talk about. It's like a taste for gadgets."

Upfoot looked at him. "Well," he said, "you've got a taste for gadgets."

"I know I have, but I'm not proud of it. It's a school-boy sort of characteristic. It's all of a piece with the craving to say 'It is not generally known that.' It is not generally known that Groucho Marx has no sense of humour."

"What!" said Upfoot. "Oh, I see. That was a ludicrous example. It is not generally known that the word 'dunce' comes from the name Duns Scotus."

"Yes, that sort of thing."

"But that's right," said Upfoot, pleased. "Look it up in the dictionary and you'll find that's exactly what the

word 'dunce' does come from. Duns Scotus, schoolman, died 1308—four hundred years before the dear old—"

"I know who you mean," said Cogbottle. "Anyway, that's not the point. The point is that that scrap of information does sound entertaining and unexpected, if one isn't an etymologist. It's exactly the kind of thing I mean. That's why it stuck in your head and you were amused to trot it out. Fact that it's true is quite irrelevant."

"Oh, come—"

"Yes; irrelevant, I insist," said Cogbottle. "Irrelevant in our discussion."

"In your monologue."

"Anyway—to my point. You don't really argue against my point, do you? I was only making an observation: that if there's any choice, people will always choose the more picturesque and entertaining explanation."

"Well, dash it all, that comes as no shock," said Upfoot indignantly. "A truism I should call that. Do you mean to say you've kept me here all this time pretending you were going to give me some inside stuff about Louis XIV . . . Anyway, there's a flaw. You seem to imply that therefore the less picturesque and interesting explanation is always the right one. It doesn't follow that way any more than the other way."

"I never said it did. Here, as always," said Cogbottle, "everything comes down to personality, another of my pet subjects. People of a sceptical turn of mind will prefer, like me, to think that the popular taste for wonders leads to the wrong answer; other people won't. It's quite simple summed up like that, surely?"

"Well, who was it started confusing the issue and trying to make it picturesque with absurd improbable details?" said Upfoot. "I don't believe Louis XIV ever had a whistle."

R. M.

The Valley

"THIS road winds to the valley and the stream . . ."

Strange silent couple, how you turned away—
You heard the words, I thought, you did not say—
And took the path, like people in a dream . . .
I watched you pierce the April mist and gleam
That had entangled in a winter day
And wondered at a sudden sharp dismay,
That such slight parting should so tragic seem;

For I shall not forget your dark regard
That asked so little of my stranger's face
Nor how "stream," "valley" caught you in their grace,
Seeming to anoint you with their lovely nard;
Had other roads, I wonder, been too hard?
Were you the valley's whatsoe'er your place?

Buried Treasure

"Gray is remembered chiefly for his l. s. d. in a country church-yard."—Schoolboy's dictation.

— & Sons employ a staff of qualified Surveyors and Valuers constantly dealing with claims for dilapidations and invariably effect the best settlements for either landlord or tenant."

Auctioneers' poster.

Almost uncanny, isn't it?

Planning



"I'm afraid this may take your mind off the crisis a little."

Mr. Smith Buys a Pair of All-Elastic Braces.

(The Board of Trade announces that all-elastic braces are to be permitted again for the first time since 1943.)

HIM five revolving Yeares,
By Orient war despoil'd, uneasie Peace,
Of comfortable Ease (kind Natures boone)
And suttile motion of these outward Limbes,
Muscles and Tissue, and what else beside
Compose this lissom corporeal Frame
Too long depriv'd. But now, by late decree
Impell'd, yet stil in irksom Harness bound,
He seeks the busie Mart, nor long delays
His onward course. The needfull Commerce done
And Payment due perform'd, he homeward turns
Exultant, and anon for sad Constraint,
Confinement dire, puts on sweet Liberty,
Newe Joy for al his Woe. The pliant Webb,
With Natures power enforc'd, the resin'd ooze
Of tropick trees by ayr coagulate
And skilfull Art prepar'd, fulfils its Task
Suspensory: and hee enfranchis'd moves
His gratefull Limbes, incredulous though glad,
Content though unbelieving . . .

THE New Year being inclined to merge into nothing more exciting than January by about the fourth of the month, I am a bit out of date in reminding my readers of the resolutions they either made or thought to themselves. (A New Year resolution, psychologists tell us, does not fully qualify unless we say it aloud to someone who stands to benefit.) But I mention resolutions because a great number are connected with the subject of this article, which, as my readers can see by darting their eyes very slightly upwards, is planning. Even getting up in time, for example, involves planning to the extent of winding the alarm-clock, while winding the alarm-clock is not just a matter of turning the handle marked "A." Some handles marked "A" turn for ever, some not at all. Planning, in fact, consists of thinking ahead, or, if you leave it too late, backwards.

Having shown most of my readers that they cannot even get up without some kind of preliminary brain-work, I shall now point out that this is nothing to the forethought that goes into even a fairly simple breakfast. A fairly simple breakfast, as opposed to a really simple one, is a breakfast containing toast. There are two ways of making toast. Some people bung it under the grill and out of mind—with the toast co-operating eagerly—and then wonder a little later why they fancy they can smell burning toast somewhere. Others crouch with their eyes at grill-level, thinking how hot it must be in there and waiting to pull the toast out when it reaches the right brownness, which is not so easy as it sounds because toast looks orange as long as you go on watching it and black as soon as you stop. I have said all this about toast because it is a good example of only one of the processes that dovetail into the whole. Let us suppose, admittedly theoretically, a real obstacle-race of a breakfast for four people, with grape-fruit for two of them, cornflakes for the others, bacon and fried bread for those who are not having fish-cakes, toast, marmalade and jam. There are several ways of getting this sort of breakfast. One is to start on the grape-fruit, because digging through the fences is a niggling business; but a planning breakfast-getter will put the bacon in the frying-pan even before this, and then start the toast and then put the kettle on for the coffee. In the ensuing helter-skelter—I am supposing, to make it all more lifelike, that the fish-cakes have to queue for the frying-pan and that the coffee is being made in a saucepan, the amount shovelled in being a matter of hope, instinct and taking a cross-section with a spoon—the people who had been told they would have grape-fruit may notice that they don't. Perhaps it has been put quietly back whole, to be billed for supper that night (this sort of breakfast is usually on a Sunday) when things are easier. Readers may wonder why both marmalade and jam are necessary at breakfast. They aren't, unless there happens to be a kind of jam in the house which some people have got on to and deserted the marmalade for, but I mentioned both because an empty jam-pot is as good a thing as any to go back to the kitchen for when you have made quite sure that breakfast is ready.

HOW many of my readers—to go on to another department of planning—know the ins and outs of a country bus time-table? The ins are the buses going into the nearest shopping-centre, the outs are the buses coming back, and both are clearly given in two separate lists facing different ways. The planning involved here is in looking up the buses the day before so as to catch them, and getting them checked by the checker—every household has a checker,



"Of course we hope to clean up on the more old-fashioned conservative type of traveller."

if only relatively—and the interesting thing about a bus time-table is that, unlike a train time-table, it seems to say what it apparently means, even if what it means is that the bus-taker must choose between being abandoned for four hours or staying in the bus and coming straight home. I shall say nothing about railway time-tables. Everyone knows all about them; a statement to be taken literally in the right sense only.

There is a rather small branch of planning which has never enjoyed the limelight railway time-tables bask in: it is nothing less—I mean more—than the arrangement of what goes inside the top floor of a chest of drawers. By tradition the top long drawer consists of two small drawers instead, and it is also traditional that any ties, collars, handkerchiefs and socks go up there. The point is to decide whether the collars and handkerchiefs, long teamed by custom, shall go in the right or the left, and what is interesting here is that it only takes as long as to get them into the drawer for that drawer to be the only possible one, though the actual collar-chooser may not think so for a day or two; but that does not affect the principle of household arrangement, which is that when once anything, be it a tie or a sideboard, is planked down where someone says it ought to be, there it stays. I must except the shaving-brush—the rogue elephant of the bathroom shelf, and a marked contrast with the ornamental bottle containing nothing—and things like books, spectacle-cases and gloves which seem to move round the house impelled by some power stronger than themselves, as indeed they are.

Planning is, of course, all-important in the kitchen, where the stove may be in any one of a dozen places and yet at just the wrong distance from the sink. This disadvantage is made up for by competent grumbling, but the only way to overcome the disadvantage of a sharp enamel-topped table guarding the larder door is to swerve unconsciously when passing it—a sub-section of the self-preservative instinct which humanity has always been extremely good at.

Turning now to a more intellectual side of planning—anyway one which involves writing—we come to the management of the social side of life; or, to put it less frighteningly, keeping an engagement book. An engagement book, if run according to any plan, is kept near the telephone for the telephoner to scuff at wildly with one hand while improvising some of the smallest talk heard even on the telephone. The next stage is a cry of dismay if the date is booked already, or of glad acquiescence if it isn't—the sort of thing that anyone else in the room finds so over-spirited—and the next a pencil with a point, which means more scuffling. It will thus be seen that the social side of life is not so much planned as a natural happening going from one stage to the next. I don't mean that my readers do not like to see their friends, but that they have little say in whether their engagement-books shall be fuller at any one time than any other, and that a quiet week in which they had planned to see nobody is the obvious chance for inviting all the people they haven't seen lately.

Finally, a few lines on a very efficient piece of planning—the home business file—and a very inefficient piece which I shall come to later. The home business file consists, as often as not, of a green folder with cardboard divisions, and reaches its highest efficiency in the section devoted to those tiny receipts which gas officials hand their public after they have scooped the money out of the gas meter and collected another sevenpence-halfpenny from the watcher. The inefficient piece of planning I referred to is quite a different affair. It consists of turning on the sort of wireless that hots up slowly and going off to the kitchen to be stunned half a minute later by hearing two pleasant but completely strange voices having a hearty argument in the sitting-room.

On the Psychofilm

WHEN Schizophrenia's warring bands of devils
Pursue their conflict on the lurid screen,
Half of me loathes it, half sits back and revels.
Now what is that to mean? M. H. L.

LOST PROPERTY



"I'm afraid I've lost it!"



Insomniac

NIGHT,
the old negro porter of the Palace of Sleep,
has lost the keys of the rooms
of delight
and terror.

How long, how vainly have I wandered these courtyards,
counting the moon's sheep
in their fleeces of cloud-wracked silver?

In the mirror
of this lead fountain
their shadows more slowly pace
than the scythe of the gnomon-shadow
mows at noon.
Minute by minute
therein I see my face
too clearly.

I count, count, count, count, count—
but the moon
harries the flock
like a she-wolf,
sets me prowling
courtyard and garden and terrace
ashen-hued,
while the ears of my mind are pricked
for the far-off howling

of the she-wolf
in her desolate solitude.

There, in the Palace of Sleep,
if I could but enter
poetry is waiting,
fear,
and dread,
and delight;
Nirvana—who knows?—
in a room at the lotus-centre
under the whispering-gallery's frightful height.

I cannot remember the music
(but music drifted):
Memory, an Ariadne without a thread,
recalls, in those corridors,
that a curtain lifted
on . . . ?

In the courtyard I wander.

Night is dead.
Dead, the false negro,
and,
clutched in his hand—
ah! tight!—
the keys of the rooms of terror,
the rooms of delight. R. C. S.



"THEN WAS THE TUG OF WAR."

Civics

"I SUPPOSE I'd better buy Baksi a licence one of these days," I said.

"What's it cost?"

"Seven-and-six too much."

"But what does the Government do for Baksi?" they asked.

"What should the Government do for Baksi?"

"Well, Miss Gallehawk says the first principle of taxation is it, all comes back to you in essential services. She told us that in Civics last term. She said that when you pay your rates you know just how many pennies will be spent on policemen and how many on keeping bridges from crumbling under you and on men coming round to sniff at the drains. But nothing is done for dogs," they cried indignantly.

"Absolutely nothing," I agreed. "Not even a bone-annexe at the British Restaurant."

"Or a Corporation cat-hunt. Where will Baksi's seven-and-six go?"

"To a new ash-tray to brighten up the desk of the Director-General of Soap-Dish Retardation, I dare say," I said.

They both spluttered.

"But that's nothing to do with poor Baksi! Miss Gallehawk says—"

"Miss Gallehawk, bless her cotton socks, is living in the past," I explained. "In the very old days people got hit on the head if they didn't pay their taxes, and they knew they wouldn't get anything out of them, because it was perfectly well understood by everyone that taxes were only for buying more beer for the king and his chums. Then people grew fussier and began asking awkward questions and for some time taxes tended to be spent with some slight regard for the benefit of the actual victim. Miss Gallehawk seems to be still living in that faraway age. For now, of course, everything has got so large and incomprehensible

and idiotic that nobody has the faintest idea what happens to anything."

"Whoever put a tax on dogs?"

"Why, a Chancellor of the Exchequer," I said. "If you or I had been asked to sit down and make out a list of things that ought to be taxed and we'd produced the existing scheme we'd have been quietly put away. But because it represents the accumulated eccentricities of a long line of Chancellors of the Exchequer, who are well known to be the most eccentric of men, everybody says how traditional and beautiful and nobody, and in particular Parliament, does anything about it."

"But how did the dog tax start?"

"Well, one morning a Chancellor was mooning up Whitehall about half-past-eleven on his way to work and he met a small dog. 'Dear little fellow!' exclaimed the Chancellor, stopping and patting him, for public men always pat animals and children in case there's a photographer handy. But this dog was an individualist and wasn't standing for being patted by any Chancellor of the Exchequer and so he tore a good chunk out of the Chancellor's trousers before running for cover to the Foreign Office, where he knew another gay dog wouldn't be noticed. The Chancellor went a sort of luminous purple and drifted into the Treasury hissing like a cobra. As soon as he got to his room he rang a lot of bells and shouted: 'Gentlemen, look at my trousers! Seven-and-six on dogs!' And there it is."

"It's downright wicked!"

"Besides being infinitely wounding to a creature of Baksi's sensibilities," I added.

"How much is the tax on cats?" they asked.

"There isn't a tax on cats."

"No tax on cats? But Winnie's

just as big as Baksi and eats more. It doesn't make sense."

"Of course it doesn't make sense," I said. "You really must stop expecting public affairs to make sense, or life will become quite intolerable for you."

"What's the tax on horses?"

"Nix. We pay fifteen pounds for the privilege of going to the station in a ten-year-old motor-car, but if we cared to risk our lives with a horse we could use a brand-new one and pay nothing."

"There must be one on elephants. They wear out the road."

"They weigh at least a hundred times as much as a dog, and the tax should logically be thirty-something pounds, but they go scot-free. Until one of them swallows a Chancellor's umbrella, and then they'll be for it."

"What is taxed, then, besides dogs?"

"Guns are. But catapults, which we have cause to know are just as dangerous, and have the added disadvantage of being silent, are not. Nor are bagpipes, the most offensive of all offensive weapons."

"Motor-bikes?"

"Cruelly. But push-bikes and prams have somehow wriggled their way on to the free list."

"Radio?"

"Yes. But the old lady who climbs civilly into her ear-phones is soaked exactly the same amount as the criminal who keeps his loudspeaker full on from morning to night."

"Goodness!" they cried.

And they meant it. Heart-breaking it was to watch their innocence evaporate.

"We shall have to have a word with Miss Gallehawk when we get back," they said sadly.

"Question her closely on the benefits of poetic licences," I suggested.

ERIC.

There's No Accounting For It.

"DO you know what?" I inquired of my friend across the cheering steam of our black sugarless eleven o'clock coffee. She said she didn't. "I am going to keep accounts," I said.

Had it a faint nostalgic echo, as of some haunting old refrain? Yes, it had. But my friend is a friend in the best and truest sense. Neither she nor I batted an eyelid between us.

"It is the only way," she agreed, nodding enthusiastically. "One must write down every tiny little detail every single day."

"Every microscopic little one," I said. "There must be no half measures."

"Indeed, there *can* be no half measures in keeping accounts," my friend continued loyally to back me up. "Otherwise they don't work out

right. Now I kept accounts for the whole of last January."

"In all that snow?"

"Yes. Till the pencil dropped nervelessly from my fingers."

"It must have been rather a cheap month. There were no deliveries, as far as I remember, of anything."

"I was able to reach the local black market on skis," said my friend, "where I spent with all the remains of



"Well, this is a nice time to tell me you're allergic to animals."

a Christmas spirit. And there were a great number of telegrams. 'Front drive still just as impassable.'"

"You could have left out 'just as,'"

I said. "That came to me after a while," she replied. "That is what is so splendidly educational about keeping accounts."

"But after January—?"

A kind of indefiniteness filmed, as it were, over my friend's expression: she removed herself from the physical world with the speed of a Hindoo well practised in Yoga.

"I mean, the whole thing of keeping accounts. Was it—did it—?"

"It is the *only way*," said my friend, with finality.

That, too, seemed to have an echo: like a decimal recurring.

She came with me to the stationery department, and together we chose the tiny little book in which to write down all the tiny little details. It had a claret-coloured marbled cover. I then bought a pencil and ordered it to be sharpened. We opened the account-book, and I wrote down:

Account Book 1s. 9d.

Pencil 3½d."

"Add it up," suggested my friend, keenly.

"I shall let it accumulate," I replied, quietly in control, "till the end of the page, when it will make a rounder sum."

"Rounder than you imagine," were my friend's last, and rather curiously astringent, words.

I met her again about a month later: we each ordered a black coffee.

"Aren't you going to write the coffee down," asked my friend, "in the little marbled book?"

"Aren't you going to pay for it?" I said. "The little marbled book is full."

"We could go and buy volume two," she suggested.

"I find," I said, "that I can't really afford coffee at all."

"Then you shouldn't have come," replied my friend, small-mindedly.

"If I acted on that kind of principle," I said, "I should be quite immobilized. For what I have discovered, from keeping accounts, is that I cannot live. It is quite totally impossible to exist."

My friend looked grave and reminiscent. "It is really quite a long time," she said, "since I discovered that I couldn't exist."

I sprang to my feet.

"Surely, then," I cried, "it must be time to buy a little marbled book?"

"If one were truly," she mused, "to

write down all the *tiniest* little expenses . . ."

"Almost invisible to the naked eye . . ." I added.

We repaired to the stationery department. The book she chose was marbled in pale dove. Not without bitterness she wrote down the coffee on the first page.

I walked with her out of the store. She was just about mechanically to hail a taxi when the little marbled book seemed to turn—according to her description—as cold as real marble in her hand. We stood, awed at our discipline, watching the taxi go past with its flag up.

"This time," she said, in the grip of the faith again, "I shall keep them for at least a year."

"It is the *only way*," I heard myself saying, waving good-bye to her as she glided slowly up the bus queue. And, indeed, it gave me a distinct feeling of spring in the heart: the same law of the cycle of the seasons, the same springings of eternal hope.

But, for myself, the cycle of the seasons being more advanced, I dropped the little marbled book into the boiler—and felt gloriously unshackled. Free, in fact, to pay for the coffee—next time.

H. J.'s Belles-Lettres

I AM not one to conceal my difficulties from my readers, like those authors who claim that their only trouble with literature is dealing with all the fan mail. I certainly claim no merit for anything that comes easily to me, for example, kindness to the young, moral courage and charm; but I do demand the loudest praise for deliberately choosing hard and not easy literary forms. This week I have chosen the Detective Story, a bloodcurdling labour for any writer, because you have to finish the plot and not just leave off with a row of dots or a significant sentence about seagulls. Also, the detective tends to get out of hand. If you are not careful a lifetime of wish-fulfilment gets concentrated on him. He may begin as a straightforward kind of chap with a knack of remembering railway time-tables, but before you know where you are he has become an expert on Greek archaeology and claret, and by his third or fourth appearance before the public he is running the country behind the scenes. Detective-story writers seem to belong to a species of lunatics who think other people are Napoleon.

Technical note.—The full development of my plot would require 234,000 words, as far as I can judge from a rough calculation, but owing to the policy of this periodical I have had to compress ruthlessly. This is, I should think, the reason why my tale is a little hard to follow.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

In the William IV Sun Lounge proceedings were opened by the Captain, who detailed, in a business-like way, the

tragedies that had so far occurred aboard the pleasure-liner *Capua*, and pointed out that Inspector Smelt had done nothing to stop them, merely expressing satisfaction at the number of suspects who were being eliminated and forecasting that in the long run the criminal would become isolated and easily distinguishable. This, he considered, raised the question of whether he was worthy of his hire.

Meanwhile, a message from the bridge informed Smelt in his cabin that a steward had been found trussed in the hold and labelled "Not Wanted on the Voyage"; he noted the fact but did not allow it to divert him from composing. He hated being interrupted while at work. That tricky bit in Act II . . . time after time he had struck his tuning-fork but the melody refused to come. When Julia tottered through the door, *soignée* as ever, except her left ankle, which was bleeding from a bullet-wound, he reminded her coldly that even a Yard man was entitled to some time off. However, he wearily reached for his insufflator and got to work. After all, he could not forget that the Assistant Commissioner had curtly radioed a request for results and had inquired whether he wished to go back to pounding a beat, adding that there would be one vacant shortly in Islington. With a shudder he remembered the coarse furnishings of his first charge-room, the heavy sneers of the sergeant, the boots instead of shoes, the criminals who threw bottles at him instead of standing him drinks when they wished to influence his judgment.

He realized now that it had been a *faux pas* to insist on completing Act I when Miss Bendix was tipped off the boat-deck. He should have put in an appearance at once



"I don't actually mind taking her for a walk. It's just that our interests are so different."



"'Ere's someone from the Gw'ment wants to see about making us part of the network."

and displayed an ostentatious activity. It was true that when he had found the lost chord he sought he had dispatched to the Yard his minute entitled "The Shape of the Crime: Prolegomena to a Report: Attitudes and Assessments"; but he quite realized he had neglected public relations. After he had taken Julia's finger-prints and bowed her out, he went on deck, musing regretfully upon those Oxford breakfasts which had reduced a hoped-for Double First to a mere Diploma in Education, a Full Blue to a Half Blue, and the Presidency of the Union to membership of the Library Committee—until the murmur of voices drew him towards the meeting.

As he entered the Purser was saying that in his opinion Smelt was using the trip purely for self-improvement. He had been having lessons in knots from a deck-hand, in omelette-making from a chef and in Basque from a wireless-operator, a monoglot who found time heavy on his hands. Next, a young woman from the second-class said that Smelt's methods of flirtation were comprehensible only on the assumption that he was writing a novel on the subject, and the ship's doctor complained bitterly that Smelt was always badgering him about how a stethoscope worked. Noticing the sleuth's arrival, the First Officer pointed out

that with so large an audience he would almost certainly make a speech accusing a large number of people in turn, and finally selecting a culprit when the audience would be too exhausted to notice any flaws in his argument. "This," ended the First Officer, "is a moment of dire peril for us all." A loud snarl rose from the passengers and, at a word from the Captain, Smelt was seized by the Sports Committee. "Hang him from the yard-arm," said the Captain. "If we must have a scapegoat, this is clearly he."

A feeling of pleasant relaxation stole through the lounge. "I don't mind telling you now," said a parched-looking man from the Dry Tortugas, "I committed the crimes myself. I never even knew of the existence of the papers that ninny was supposed to be protecting. He just brought out the worst in me. The crimes, gentlemen, will stop right now. And by the way, Captain, there is no need for you to feel called upon to do anything about it. I have a Diplomatic passport. As for this Smelt, he's had his lesson: let him off now." The Captain graciously acceded to the request, and after a homily to Smelt on intellectual pride he condemned the chastened detective to complete the voyage as a stowaway and ordered his immediate removal to the chain-locker.

TREASURE Island is the drop of bitters at the bottom of the Christmas glass; and, if that is perhaps an unsuitable metaphor in connection with the nursery, *Treasure Island* is the almond in the festive nougat, the squeeze of lemon in the apple-tart of holiday gustation. It is a stimulating and much-needed corrective, I am trying to say, to the overplus of sugar which at this time of year saturates the stage. Apart from one woman, and she the sharp-tongued hostess of a Devon pub, it is an affair of men, of tough men at that and all engaged from their several angles in the joyful task of pursuing vast wealth of which there is a reasonable expectation that the Commissioners of Inland Revenue will never learn. It warms the blood again, a little chilled by supernatural vapours, and the tonic violence of its language, reeking acridly of muskets and the foc's'le and of the dark side of the Jolly Roger, is the very thing to clear the head of fairy verbiage. Or it should be.

But Mr. REGINALD LONG's production at the St. James's falls rather sadly short. No adaptation for the theatre can be expected to do more than catch at STEVENSON's magic while compressing the bones of his story into a few exciting episodes, and in this Mr. J. B. FAGAN's is adequate; the weakness here might have been avoided. Chiefly this is a lack of rip-roaring devilry among the pirates, who go about their dreadful occupation almost as if they had been directed to it; but it goes farther. Lines specially engineered to curdle are spoken without the full-bottomed and villainous ferocity which we have the right to expect, and curtain lines which should leave us palpitating only make us wonder at the waxwork attitudes into which the cast has frozen during the last few vital seconds of the scene. The crew's uncertainty of accent helps to spoil our illusion; and such a fine moment as *Long John Silver's* (and STEVENSON's) ingenious discovery that the Black Spot is torn from a leaf of the Bible is almost wasted, for instead of falling back in the utmost confusion of superstition

At the Play

Treasure Island (ST. JAMES'S)—*Daddy Long-Legs* (COMEDY)

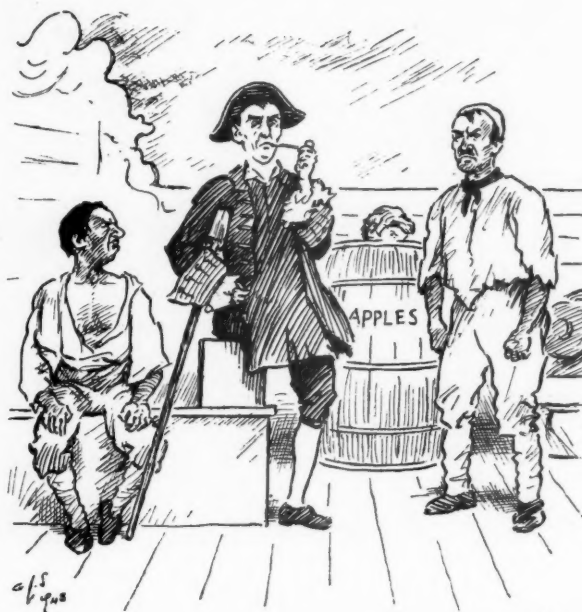
the mutineers are only momentarily put out. This shyness with the emotional throttle even afflicts *Ben Gunn*, who, after three years' solitary confinement in the jungle, shows no more surprise at seeing mankind again than, say, the average professor of astro-physics emerging from the library of his club for lunch; though in other respects Mr. KEITH SHEPHERD gives

the first two) and Mr. FRED ESSEX; and Mr. JOHN CLARK gets some, if not all, of *Jim Hawkins'* eagerness, though he must learn there is no future in sticking his finger down the barrel of a loaded gun.

So far as I can remember, Miss JEAN WEBSTER's *Daddy Long-Legs* was a pretty goofy book, and certainly it makes a pretty goofy play. It is difficult to see to which age-group it can be directed. Such humour as it has, which is of a mild kind, lies mainly in *Pendleton's* dual position as wooer and anonymous benefactor of the orphan *Judy*, and is not the stuff to please the very small; nor could the razor-sharp realism of the modern adolescent find the sentiments other than woolly or the story other than unconvincing. I am driven to the conclusion that the play is aimed at the sillier sort of adult, and therefore to wonder why it should be put on at the children's season. These would doubtless enjoy the discomfiture of the horrid matron and of the pompous trustee in the prologue, but can they be expected to stomach a proposal scene ending with the really memorable line "The sun of all my happiness has set," spoken by the amorous philanthropist before he stalks, misty-eyed, from the room? And especially since it is obvious to them, unless they be idiots, that of all people on earth *Pendleton* must realize that the sole reason he has been rejected is that *Judy* doesn't know that he knows of her mysterious origins?

I'm bound to say that this production by Mr. PETER DEARING, at the Comedy, though by no means polished, skates round some of the major pitfalls successfully, chiefly owing to a skilful and charming performance as *Pendleton* by Mr. ANTHONY HAWTREY; but I was sorry to see him in the part. Miss PENELOPE BARTLEY's *Judy* is very good while she is at the orphanage, but tends later to become too arch.

ERIC.



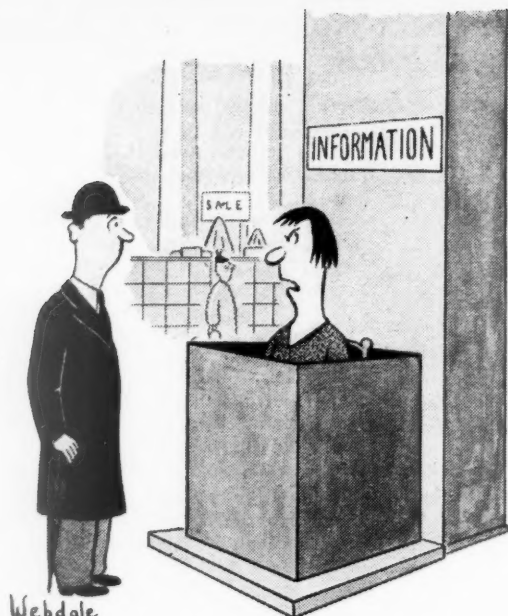
[*Treasure Island*]

"LITTLE PITCHERS—"

Long John Silver Mr. HARRY WELCHMAN
Jim Hawkins Mr. JOHN CLARK

him plenty of character. And, as Mr. HECTOR ROSS plays him, *Captain Smollett* seems more a stiff young soldier than the sort of gallant sea-dog we should have chosen for such an enterprise.

There are entries on the other side of the ledger, however. There is Mr. TRISTAN RAWSON's delightful portrait of the *Doctor*, a first-rate fellow I have to like in spite of his vile habit of carrying parmesan cheese in a snuff-box, which to us lovers of rappee is equivalent to keeping paraffin in a claret decanter. Mr. HARRY WELCHMAN makes a *Silver* who meets the bill in everything—including the uncanny handling of a crutch—except the power quite to shiver our timbers.



Webdale

"... and would YOU know anything if YOU'd been stuck in a box twenty years?"

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Stamford Raffles

MISS EMILY HAHN, who is intimately acquainted with China and was imprisoned in Hong Kong during the Japanese occupation, has brought a greater knowledge of the Far East than of literary composition to *Raffles of Singapore* (FRANCIS ALDOR, 15/-). The career of a politician and administrator in the East Indies in the first decades of the nineteenth century, when Britain and Holland were struggling for predominance in that quarter of the world, is a subject which needs a good deal of clarifying to make it intelligible to the ordinary reader. Facts of every kind are liberally strewn over Miss HAHN's haphazard narrative. There is the material here for a satisfactory biography of Raffles, but it needs much more arranging than Miss HAHN has troubled to give it. It is a pity, too, that she should be under the illusion, a very common one nowadays, that to be slangy and colloquial is to be natural and expressive—for instance: "Just when he and Raffles discovered for keeps how much they didn't like each other isn't clear, but my guess..." and so on. The great merit of the book, and one which perhaps outweighs its defects, is the writer's keen interest in human nature and the details of day-to-day existence. Her pages on the Eurasian women of Batavia, to give one of many examples, are full of interest, and her attempt to construct a living woman out of the few extant references to Raffles's first wife is at least partially successful.

H. K.

The Happy Pot-Hunter

Mr. H. S. JOYCE's keen-eyed and straightforward country jottings should furnish the perfect bedside book for readers who enjoy watching animals alive almost as much as they like killing them. The author hunts for the pot—something in each pocket when he comes home is his notion of

a few hours well spent; and his otherwise unremunerative sojourns on river-banks or in pigeon-hides always manage to produce some memorable note on the birds, beasts and fishes he is not, for the moment, out to capture. His scorn for the snobbery of sport and the sentimentality of the unsportsmanlike are equally divided. Extremists on both sides would do well to steer clear of *A Countryman's Notebook* (ART AND EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHERS, 12/6). Practical men will enjoy the author's tips on shooting and fishing; and practical women will echo, and might even abet, his plea—a war-time one of course—for a return to fish somewhat lower in the fresh-water hierarchy than trout and salmon. Mr. JOYCE will tell you what to do with the bones; and one has always suspected that the carp (for instance) at the Trianon would make very pretty eating. His aspirations, hitherto ungratified, after jugged cormorant, are not so easy to endorse. Cormorant would probably be fishy—even with the port, bay-leaves and red-currant-jelly.

H. P. E.

Saying it with Sword-points

A collection of the *Maxims and Reflections of The Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, C.H., M.P.* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 8/6), unfolds itself like a film revue medley of all the liveliest events of the last fifty years. A succession of detached paragraphs rarely more than half a dozen lines long, each followed by a short note explaining or commenting and set in smaller type, might be expected to lack something in continuity, might even fail to keep the attention. It is not Mr. Churchill's custom to lose his audience, however, and the present volume where every phrase is the thrust of a weapon, every sentence white-edged with epigram, can be no exception. Only incidentally, yet beyond admiration, here is a manual of English composition, a guide to the craft of words, that can hardly be excelled for use in schools and places where they write. Mr. COLIN COOTE and Mr. DENZIL BATCHELOR, in arranging their selections according to the subject matter rather than by date—war, for instance, or India, or Russia, or things their great man likes or dislikes, or himself—have often shown his mind developing in its attitude to some particular issue. Generally, in so doing they have been defending his consistency, but occasionally, a little impishly, the reverse. Actually, in an essentially cheerful book like this it hardly matters if sometimes he has changed his mind or made a rare bad guess at a future event. It is the sparkle and the clink of the blade that count. One feels first and most how hugely all his life Mr. Churchill has enjoyed his immense capacity for saying what he meant in the way that meant it most.

C. C. P.

Soho Square

MISS MARGARET GOLDSMITH has made a pleasant book out of the historical associations of *Soho Square* (SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, 15/-). The building of Soho Square was begun in 1681, a few years after Bloomsbury Square and before Berkeley Square. For more than half a century it was the most select square in the West End. The Duke of Monmouth was its first resident, and though his feverish career allowed him little leisure to enjoy his town mansion, he must have had some affection for it, "Soho" being the pass-word used at the battle of Sedgemoor. Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley had a house in the square, and Bishop Burnet, on the occasion of his third marriage, settled on the north side. In the second half of the eighteenth century the square became less fashionable. Wealthy merchants were moving into the houses springing up to the north,

along Tyburn Road (now Oxford Street), and the fashionable world was moving westwards. Its most famous inhabitant in the 'sixties and 'seventies was Theresa Cornelys, whose Temple of Festivity at Carlisle House provided entertainments of various kinds, from concerts conducted by Johann Christian Bach to masquerades which, in spite of all her efforts to keep them respectable, eventually brought her before Sir John Fielding at Bow Street. In the nineteenth century the square ceased to be residential, and among other important firms which set up their headquarters there was Burroughes and Watts, whose supply of billiard-balls necessitated "an annual destruction of 1,140 elephants."

H. K.

"Tin Tin Sonando"

MR. KENNETH ULLYETT, who seems to breathe as freely on the crests of thought as at sea-level, says there is no such thing as time. There is, he admits, the sun, which, until the "lying mentality" of our age prevailed, got us up and put us to bed punctually. As you cannot always count on seeing the sun, mediaeval craftsmen invented "horologues," whose sweet-chimed gyrations were likened by Dante to the revolving heavens themselves. England and Holland, being maritime nations, found uses for chronology other than the production of clocks for guild halls and toy watches for reigning monarchs. True, the Caroline craft, centred more or less on Fleet Street, was mainly a domestic one when the Clockmakers got their Charter to keep out the "bad and deceitful works" of mass-production. But research was greatly stimulated by the Longitude Prize, offered in 1714 and won by—but not paid to—Harrison for his chronometer of 1759. These and other facts about *British Clocks and Clockmakers* (COLLINS, 5/-) are interspersed on Mr. ULLYETT's delightful pages with some of the best illustrations "Britain in Pictures" has produced. Only one noble tribute is lacking. Milton's lines "to be set on a clock-case" might have appeared somewhere between Chaucer's "abbey orloge" and the "Grandfather's Clock" of Victorian penny readings.

H. P. E.

The Marshal Gives a Party.

MR. EVELYN WAUGH says towards the end of his *Scott-King's Modern Europe* (CHAPMAN AND HALL, 5/-) that it "is the story of a summer holiday; a light tale," as if in apology for its abrupt conclusion when he is still handsomely in his stride with a theme well suited to his satiric mood; and this brevity is certainly disappointing, for it is a funny little book, full of good situations and of phrases that turn themselves over rewardingly in the mind, and though its plot is loose it has a vein of comedy which his invention could surely have worked profitably at greater length. Neutralia is an up-to-date bureaucracy where a Marshal rules, and where, in place of the Habsburgs, the utmost confusion reigns. To its annual celebration Scott-King is invited, a middle-aged schoolmaster without ambition but with a pedant's knowledge of Neutralia's one inglorious poet. Those who have enjoyed the perverted pleasure of visiting a new regime anxious to show itself off will recognize the cruel accuracy of Mr. WAUGH's descriptions of the official welcome, the windy gaps in machine-made hospitality, the unveiling of the poet's statue (sculpture palpably off the peg), the laying of wreaths on a National Memorial afterwards discovered to mark a fleeting but bloody party massacre, the surging intrigues which daily boost and devalue the harried hosts. Quite suddenly Scott-King finds the party over and himself living at his own ruinous expense, and the technique of

returning from Neutralia proves very difficult to acquire. When it is ended the adventure is not one he cares to talk about in the common-room at Granchester. It is a rich and amusing adventure, but cut off, alas, in its prime.

E. O. D. K.

Wintry Tales

MR. TERENCE HORSLEY knows a lot about flying, fishing, and sport in general, on which he has already written several books: Mr. C. F. TUNNICLIFFE is an A.R.A., and has spent many years in the study of bird-life in the meres and pools of Cheshire and elsewhere. These two have collaborated to produce a handsome volume, very refreshing to the eye in these days of austerity, called *The Long Flight* (COUNTRY LIFE, 18/-). The title, taken from the opening sketch—geese flying in from the snowy Arctic—is perhaps a little misleading, for the book is by no means confined to birds. There is a fairly long and detailed history of the mysterious life-cycle of the salmon, with a shorter fish story called "The Laird's Trout"; there is also a grim narrative called "Jamie," dealing with the growth and upbringing of a boy, son of a Highland crofter, who teaches him the art of deer-stalking, to his ultimate undoing. It is a pathetic tale. Indeed, most of the stories in the book strike a somewhat tragic note. There are two airman stories, both ending fatally—and both invoking the assistance of storm or snow. This is a collection, in short, that may send a chill through the sensitive reader, for it deals almost entirely with wintry weather. But the stories are well told, and the nineteen illustrations, especially those of birds, would alone make the book worth possessing. L. W.

That Mr. FRANK REYNOLDS knows how to draw is no new discovery. The further point, that he knows how to tell other people how to draw, is shown by his *Humorous Drawing for the Press* (METHUEN, 10/6), in which he deals, clearly and helpfully, with the technique of his subject. Many practical illustrations by his own hand add greatly to the value of the book. *World of Neighbours* (CONTACT PUBLICATIONS, 5/-) the eighth book in the "Contact" International Series, maintains the high standard of previous volumes. India and the Middle and Far East are made the subject of special study; and among notable writers on literature and the stage are Elizabeth Bowen, V. S. Pritchett and Peter Ustinov.



"Go and see what it is, dear—probably only his night-light."



"That's eighteen, madam—only two more questions to go."

The Grapes are Sourish.

I AM beginning to wonder how long we in Britain can do without an Iron Curtain. Not an impenetrable thing of sheet steel, something lighter and filmier, made of chain-mail, say, or wire-netting. We don't want to exclude *everything* from the West (heaven forbid!)—only those things which are likely to hinder our drive towards economic recovery. Things like . . . well, like American advertisements.

When I read the Three-minute Report ("Pin it up and talk it over") which His Majesty's Government addresses to the nation every fortnight I feel thrilled, uplifted and endowed with a burning zeal to extend my stint. I study the "Danger Signals" and simply itch to exceed my export quota. My eye (the practised one) races down the "Credit Column" to pick out my new heroes. Here is a miner from South Wales who has lifted 135 tons of coal in six shifts!

I cut out his picture and make him my latest pin-up. Here are five welders of Rotherham, beating their previous best by 37 per cent.! Glorious, inspiring news. I grip my pen and prepare to leave Stakhanov standing.

Now, clearly, if I and the millions like me could maintain this pressure the production problem would be as good as solved. But we can't. There are forces working against recovery, damping our enthusiasm, weakening our thrust and breeding discontent and apathy. I need not enumerate them. In this article let me do no more than air a fairly personal grievance.

What happens when I lay down my "Report" and flip through the American magazine in which my food parcel has been wrapped? A brilliant, multicoloured page arrests my attention—

PARFUM " — "

THE COSTLIEST PARFUM IN THE WORLD.

I am transported. My powerful imagination plays around that dignified announcement, conjuring up exciting scenes of luxury and extravagance:

"Good aerfternoon, madam. Parfums?"

"Yah, d'you carry 'Il Bacio (the Kiss),' the cahstliest parfum in the entire world?"

"Why, sure, right here. Try a little on the hand, madam."

"H'm. It is the cahstliest for sure?"

"Natcherly."

"Not just because it carries Federal Tax?"

"Why, no, madam. It's the cahstliest *without* tax."

"I'll take a borrlle."

"Phial, madam."

"Phial, then."

"Will madam take the special, large uneconomical size?"

"The cahstliest."

"Thank you, madam. Shall I send

it by picturesque, personalized coach and horses, by air, by . . ."

But my dream is soon over. Automatically I compare this advertisement with a British specimen:

"—" (PRONOUNCED "—") IS PRODUCED IN FULL CONFORMITY WITH AUTHORIZED ECONOMY STANDARDS.

IT'S WORTH WAITING FOR, FOLKS.

I become depressed, not to say discouraged. How long must we endure slavery before we can once again buy the costliest with a clear conscience? How long? I turn to another American ad.:—

FOR THE MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING! GIVE HIM A "—" WIND-INDICATOR FOR HIS DESK.

WIND DIRECTION AND SPEED AT A GLANCE

—and compare it with:

THE FACT THAT GOODS ARE ADVERTISED IN THIS JOURNAL IS NO GUARANTEE THAT THEY ARE EITHER AVAILABLE OR CONTEMPLATED, EXCEPT FOR EXPORT.

I have always wanted a wind-indicator for my desk. How long must I wait to become a Man Who Has Everything Except a Wind-Indicator? Is there any real chance of relief from austerity in my time? Fearful doubts, these.

Then back to the creditor nation for:

WHY WAIT FOR A WEDDING? GET THE THRILL OF "—" CHAMPAGNE WITH EVERY MEAL

—which I compare with this from a prominent "Have Not" power:

THERE'LL BE LESS "—" THAN EVER UNLESS YOU RETURN THOSE EMPTY BOTTLES.

Need I go on? No, you know exactly what I am driving at.

We are terribly grateful to the Americas, natchery, but in self-defence we must put up some kind of iron curtain against their unintentionally insidious advertisements. I urge the Government to act swiftly before the production drive (mine, anyway) is completely ruined. Of course that term "Iron Curtain" has a somewhat unpleasant ring in our ears, but let us remember that Russia has managed to keep her spivs and drones in check only because she has insulated her toiling masses from the influence and example of Western Europe. You didn't know there were spivs in Russia? Oh, yes, thousands of them—kulak types with padded epaulettes and no snow on their boots. Hod.

Nothing Doing

NEXT to being a man who wants two Cup Final tickets the worst thing is to be the man he thinks can get them.

Already the plague has started, and there is practically no antidote.

The man who wants the tickets is unfortunately so often a chap to whom you are aware you do owe something.

"I know it must seem early to ask you," he will whisper, butting into your conversation with a business friend so brusquely that he knocks his own hat sideways, "but there's always a queue for this sort of thing, and I don't want to come in at the tag end of it, with the news that this chap from Guatemala has arrived quite suddenly. I want to be quite fair and tell you now that he *will* arrive, and will insist on seeing this Cup Final if we are to do any business. Now, you are the one chap . . ."

"Of course," you will say with such dignity as you can preserve while the fellow is pulling at your sleeve, or plucking at your button-hole so earnestly that you are shaking sherry

out of your glass on to your waistcoat, "nobody knows yet which clubs will be in the Final."

"Well," he will say in surprise, "does that matter?"

"It will matter to them, and they are the people you have to get the tickets from."

"Look," he will say with increasing urgency, "if it is of any use to you, I have a friend in Bradford who might be able to get you a length of stuff for a sports jacket, assuming you didn't want it too big, with rabbit pockets and all that sort of thing. Now if . . ."

"Yes, I also know that friend in Bradford," you will explain. "I think it must be the same one. And I know the fellow too who has been doing a job down the road and has three yards of linoleum left over. But the fellow in Bradford has not got enough material now to make an Eton jacket for a monkey. Those sports coats are a thing of the past."

"How are you off for olive oil?"

"You *must* know," is your patient answer, "I don't even follow soccer.



"Was it you that cooked that steak?"

My game is Rugger. If you want tickets for the international against Ireland . . ."

"I want Cup Final tickets. And I know quite well you know everybody. You must, for example, know the people at Wembley."

"The people at Wembley do not issue Cup Final tickets. They are distributed by the F.A.—to the clubs."

"At any rate," he goes on, as if you were deliberately trying to put him off, "you certainly know the people who do follow soccer."

"I cannot know all of them. There are sixty thousand on every ground."

"The people who matter. It is your business to know them. Otherwise you could never do your job. Which is exactly why I wish I were you."

"So that you could spend all *your* winter sweating round to get Cup Final tickets when you didn't even want to see the Cup Final?"

"I come to my last point," he will sigh, and this time he will gesture to your friend (who is still waiting to continue the original conversation) like a busy waiter who will attend to him presently. "You were always terribly fond of Barbara. Now it was Barbara, not I, who thought of you in this matter. It seems you told her at our wedding that if ever there was anything you could do for her, in spite of her marrying me instead of you, you would do it; no matter what it was, she only had to ask."

"I did not say at the wedding that

I would do anything for *you*," you snap.

"She told me to ask in her name. She said you would be perfectly sweet about it then."

You wish the fellow would explain to Barbara that she has now been married to him for seven years and has become rather plump, whereas you have been married to Lulu for five, and have become plump yourself. But what you really say is that if it were possible by any kind of graft or witchery to get two Cup Final tickets, then you have sixty-seven friends of your own who all expect you to let *them* have them and who are just as convinced as he is that you can get them if you try. And that if you do try, and do get them, and then give them, however surreptitiously, to him, that one kind action will do more harm to you in the forthcoming twelve months than you dare contemplate; for which reason it will be better for you to get none, and then you will upset nobody.

Yet in the end you will probably weaken, and this is what will happen.

The man to whom you go for help will say he will see what he can do, provided that in return you can put him on to someone in the country who can keep him supplied with eggs during the moulting season, and he is quite willing to pay for them just as you are willing to pay for the Cup Final tickets. You plod away and in the course of time you actually find such a contact, and have all but

arranged for the eggs, when the chap who can provide them comes out with a request that you will get his wife and a friend of hers into the pavilion at Lord's for the Test Match v. Australia next summer.

When you explain that ladies are not admitted, he offers as a favour to you to use the tickets himself so that he can take his dentist to whom he owes a bill. You wearily seek to arrange this matter, but the only man who can satisfy this need is extremely anxious to find someone who will lend him a car with a tank full of petrol and a suitable label on the windscreen, and the one doctor you know who might even do that is desperate to get his wife a ham from Ireland or, better still, Virginia.

As at the end of any other nightmare you are even on the verge of arranging this when you find that in return the fellow who has the ham will ask you only one favour. And do you know what it will be?

He just wants two Cup Final tickets.
H. C.

Domestic Dialogue

THE husband said, "My dear, you ought

To overcome this pensive mood. What gives you so much food for thought?"

She answered simply, "Thought for food."
M. H.



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Masterpieces in Metal



The Flemish family of Matys was amongst the greatest wrought ironworkers and locksmiths of the fifteenth century. Quentin Matys, apprenticed to his father, produced some notable examples of fine metalwork, including the beautiful well-cover in the Cathedral Square of Antwerp.



P31

In the same tradition of family craftsmen is the firm of Terry's, famed all over the world for springs and spring presswork. Since 1855, when Herbert Terry founded the business, successive generations of Terry's have each contributed their skill to the development of this highly specialised branch of light engineering. With all this accumulated experience Terry's today lead the world in presswork.

If you have a presswork problem, Terry's research department is best qualified to solve it.



TERRY'S for PRESSWORK

HERBERT TERRY & SONS LTD REDDITCH
Also at London, Birmingham and Manchester

There's food as well as vitamins in 'KEPLER'



There's hardly a waking moment when children aren't "on the go" and, naturally, they need extra nourishment to supplement their rationed diet and give them plenty of strength and energy. Start them on 'Kepler' and see how they thrive and gain weight. 'Kepler' is the finest "food extra" you can buy and all children love its sweet, malty flavour. Your chemist has 'Kepler.'



'KEPLER' BRAND
COD LIVER OIL
WITH
MALT EXTRACT
In two sizes
3/3 & 5/9

A BURROUGHS WELLCOME & CO. PRODUCT



Morlands
MADE IN ENGLAND
AT GLASTONBURY

YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU PUT YOUR FOOT IN IT

You'll make no mistake with Morlands Sheepskin Boots or Slippers; their soft fleece cushions the foot.

Morlands

THE FAMOUS
"GLASTONBURY'S" FOOTWEAR



Praised on every hand

England's traditional craftsmanship is nowhere seen to better advantage than in the Men's Glove Department at Simpsons.

The gloves illustrated are hand-sewn tan leather with real lamb lining. Men's Outfitting, Ground Floor.



Simpson (Piccadilly) Ltd
202 Piccadilly London
W.1 Regent 2002

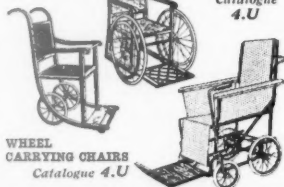
WHEN YOU'RE OUT
OF SORTS



GET MORE
WILKINSON'S
LIQUORICE ALLSORTS

Carters
INVALID FURNITURE

SELF-PROPELLING
CHAIRS
Catalogue 4.U

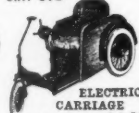


WHEEL
CARRYING CHAIRS
Catalogue 4.U

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HAND TRICYCLE
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ELECTRIC
CARRIAGE
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GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.1
Phone: Langham 1049.

*The little
touch that
means so
much*



2 OZ.
SIZE

TO FOODS
AS WELL
AS DRINKS

ANGOSTURA
AROMATIC BITTERS

32 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS FOR MERIT
PRESENT RETAIL PRICES IN U.K.,
Half-bottle 19/-; miniature, 5/6
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Your retailer cannot
supply you with a
full bottle of S·D·I
squash or cordial
unless you return
an empty one



Issued by The Soft Drinks Industry (War Time) Association Ltd., 42 Upper Grosvenor Street, London, W.1

CVS-78

Not too little..



not too much..



but just right IF IT'S
ERASMIC
SHAVING STICK
THANKS TO ITS
DOUBLE-DENSE LATHER



ER 362-96

THE ERASMIC CO. LTD.

**LEMON
HART
RUM**

The
Golden Spirit



With Lemon, Orange or Lima
A Winner every time!

"Keep free from
INDIGESTION"

says M^r VITALITY



If you are seeking relief from indigestion in any form you are recommended to try Simpkin's Vitalised Stomach Powder. Each teaspoonful contains, in addition to the enzymes, diastase and pepsin, 35 international units of Vitamin B₁. If difficult to obtain send P.O. 2/- with name and address of your chemist for standard package to the manufacturers A. L. Simpkin & Co. Ltd., (Dept. P) Hunter Road, Sheffield.

Simpkin's
VITALISED
STOMACH POWDER

Your Hair Brush
rebristled—

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

JOHN HASSALL,
Brush and Mirror Manufacturer,
(Dept. L.)

64 St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C.4

The SOLUTION
OF THE CYCLE
STORAGE PROBLEM



WRITE
for
CATALOGUE
P/201

CONSTRUCTORS
CYCLE PARKS
CONSTRUCTORS LIMITED
ERDINGTON BIRMINGHAM



Pheasant Shooting

What are they talking about?

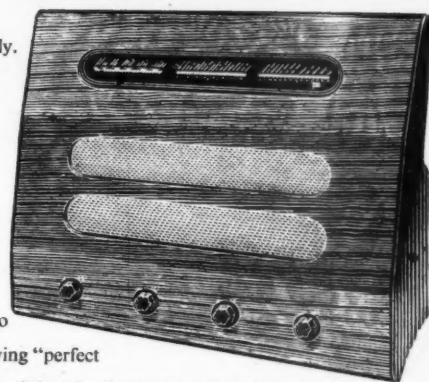
No, they're not talking about the "Bag". They are talking about Burrough's Gin. People who really understand, and really think about their gin drinks, always try for Burrough's because it is triple distilled. This extra refinement makes it soft, smooth and perfectly clean to the palate. Delicious plain, Burrough's Gin "keeps its place" in even the most delicate cocktails. Maximum price 30/- per bottle.



ENJOYED SINCE 1820
BURROUGH'S *Gin*
IT IS TRIPLE DISTILLED!

JAMES BURROUGH LTD., 75, CALE DISTILLERY, HUTTON ROAD, S.E.11

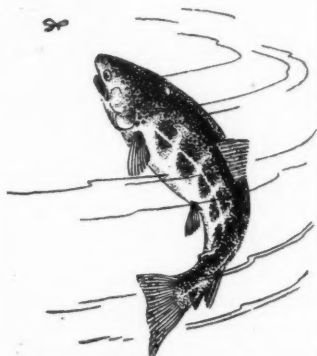
A.122
A.C. Mains only.
Price £29.6.8.
Including
Purchase Tax.



It is silly to talk of a set having "perfect reproduction". Scientifically speaking there is no such thing. And, from a plain commonsense viewpoint, who decides what is 'perfect'? No two people have the same hearing sense. One person's 'rich and mellow' is another's 'thick and syrupy'. The most the radio engineer can do is to get as near to accurate reproduction as he can and leave you to decide if that's what you want.

SEE YOUR
murphy
DEALER

MURPHY RADIO LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS.

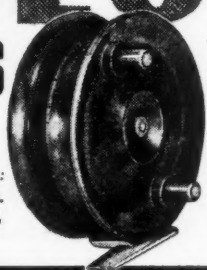


AMONGST the many record catches of Trout is that of a Brown Trout weighing 39½ lb. caught on a medium-sized salmon fly in Loch Awe in 1866.

Such catches are the ambition of many owners of ELO Fishing Reels.

ELO
REELS

Sole
Manufacturers:
BIRKBEY LTD.
LIVERSEDE,
YORKS.



How do YOU spell economy-economy-economy?

As a pipe smoker you spell it out carefully and slowly — 'T-H-R-E-E N-U-N-S'. Cunningly cut, each ounce of this tobacco lasts you longer, saves you money. Not without good reason has it been called 'the tobacco of curious cut'.



Three Nuns

EMPIRE BLEND

(A blend of Empire and other choice tobaccos)

3/9 AN OUNCE


ORIGINAL

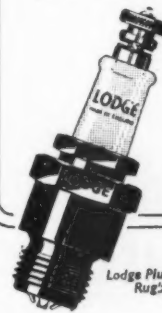
'The Vicar's Choice'

4/- AN OUNCE

Issued by STEPHEN MITCHELL & SON, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow.

TN470


ROLLS-ROYCE
are
supplied
with
LODGE
PLUGS



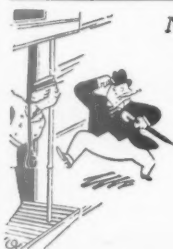
Lodge Plugs Ltd.,
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With its correctly-shaped head (long or short, as you please) — its clean-cut tufts — and fine finish — SPA is the very last word in toothbrushes. The finest toothbrush you can buy.

John Freeman & Co., Ltd.,
"Spa" Brush Works, Chesham, Bucks.



Nothing seems
impossible
when your
energy
springs
from

TUROG
BROWN BREAD



SENIOR'S
FISH & MEAT PASTES

Perfect Poise

chic and gay
like Anne enjoys
every day,
implies
she's coupon-wise
and knows
when buying hose,
it's best
to invest
in Aristoc.



Aristoc

ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS



ULTRA RADIO

makes it all



come true

Model U511 Price £26.15.0
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Equally perfect on AC or DC mains
In Walnut and Beech

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U8J



TOFFEES AND CHOCOLATES

Melt in every Mouth!

MAYFAIR are now making
three new "better quality"
assortments of their delicious
Toffees and Chocolates, for those
who appreciate the good things of
life. These are:

MAYFAIR . . . "Première,"
VANITY FAIR "Super Six,"
VANITY FAIR . . . "Fanfare,"

Rich chocolate coatings, a host of
intriguing new centres . . . truffle,
fudge, caramel, fruit flavourings,
crème . . . in gaily swaggy wrappings.
Yes, it's treats ahead for you!

ALWAYS ASK FOR
MAYFAIR & VANITY FAIR
ASSORTMENTS

Mayfair Products, Ltd., Sunderland
M2K



The
Chef
always
Recommends

Escoffier

SAUCE ROBERT SAUCE DIABLE

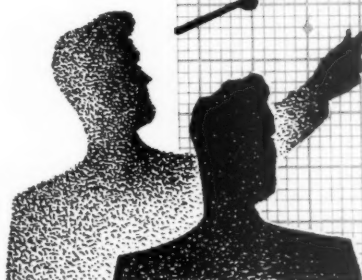


FOX'S
Glacier
MINTS

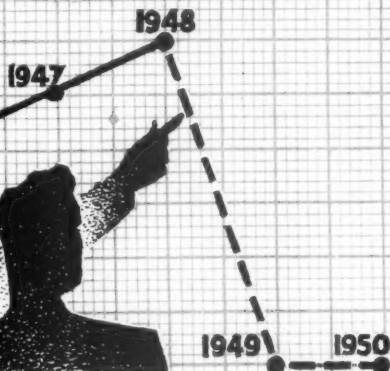
THE FINEST PEPPERMINT
IN THE WORLD

Also made in
"Double Strength" and "Connoisseur"

A GLIMPSE
AT THE FUTURE



FACTORY WARMING COAL CONSUMPTION



We'll use less coal after 1948 when we've installed radiant warming by

RICHARD CRITTALL

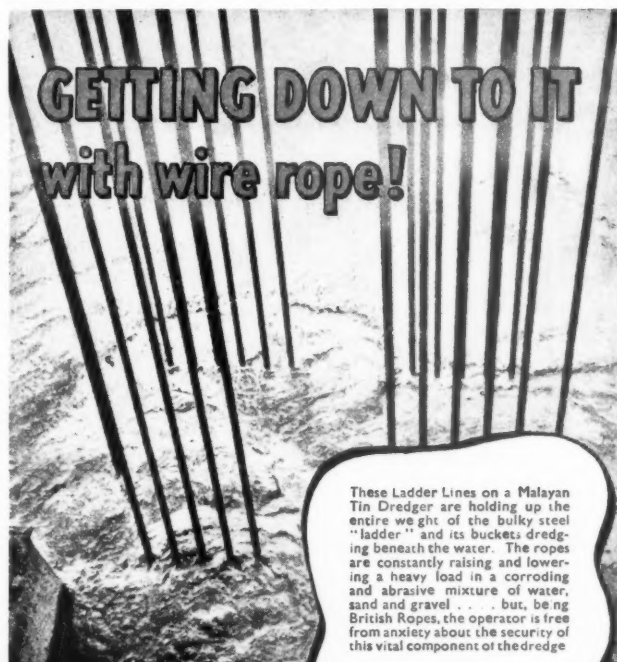


By Appointment
Engineers to H.M.
King George VI.

RICHARD CRITTALL & COMPANY LIMITED
156 Great Portland Street, London, W.1

Also at
Birmingham, Liverpool, Hanley, Glasgow, Paris, Lisbon, Istanbul, Montreal, New York

GETTING DOWN TO IT with wire rope!

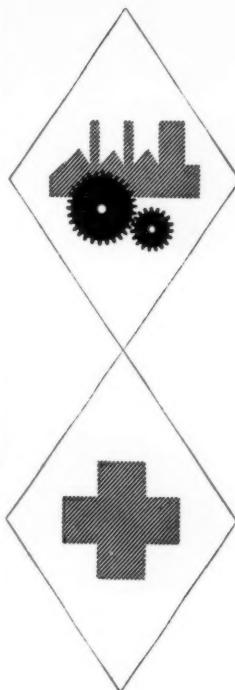


These Ladder Lines on a Malayan Tin Dredger are holding up the entire weight of the bulky steel "ladder" and its buckets dredging beneath the water. The ropes are constantly raising and lowering a heavy load in a corroding and abrasive mixture of water, sand and gravel . . . but, being British Ropes, the operator is free from anxiety about the security of this vital component of the dredge



**BRITISH
ROPE
LIMITED**

Head Office: DONCASTER
Export Sales Office:
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One cold
needn't mean a
works epidemic

**IZAL System of
Industrial Hygiene**

helps people
not to catch
whatever's going

Write to **NEWTON, CHAMBERS & Co. Ltd.**, Thornccliffe, Sheffield, and ask for a specialist to call and discuss the system. It can be planned without extra labour and will help to keep your workers healthy.



Ships Lanterns

Stern lanterns, lit by a great many candles, were useful for keeping station and were a means of computing direction and speed of other vessels. The Great Lantern carried by the "Sovereign of the Seas" (1637), "would hold ten persons to stand upright without shouldering or pressing one another."

THE
"THREE CASTLES"
CIGARETTES

20 for 3/8

MANUFACTURED BY W. D. & H. O. WILLS



“many mellow sermons
... in quietude & the
aroma of Punchbowl”

From a Midland Vicarage came this letter with its peeps of War and Peace . . . typical of those friendly commendations received from Barney's Smokers year after year.

Nov. 6/47

“Dear Sirs,

“I always read with great interest the copies of letters you receive telling how smokers of your tobacco have discovered tins of their favourite brand in the most unlikely places. For my part I have bought ‘Punchbowl’ in spots remote from civilisation but never from anywhere more romantic than a NAAFI canteen.

To my mind, however, in these days of shortages, with so many smoking men of discriminating taste about, it is more amazing that my tobacconist can still find me my Saturday Tin, than that ‘Punchbowl’ has been found in the Arctic or the Tropics.

My parishioners have you to thank for many mellow sermons composed in quietude and the aroma of ‘Punchbowl’.”

TO YOUNG SMOKERS EVERYWHERE

In your quest for the tobacco of abiding joy, you are asked to give trial to Barney's—which has won so many friends from the recommendations of older smokers.

★ Barney's (medium), Parsons Pleasure (mild),
Punchbowl (full), each 4/1d. oz.

(298) John Sinclair Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle-upon-Tyne

YARN ABOUT STEEL TUBES

There is usually something interesting in Accles & Pollock's post bag—apart from attempts at spelling the name.

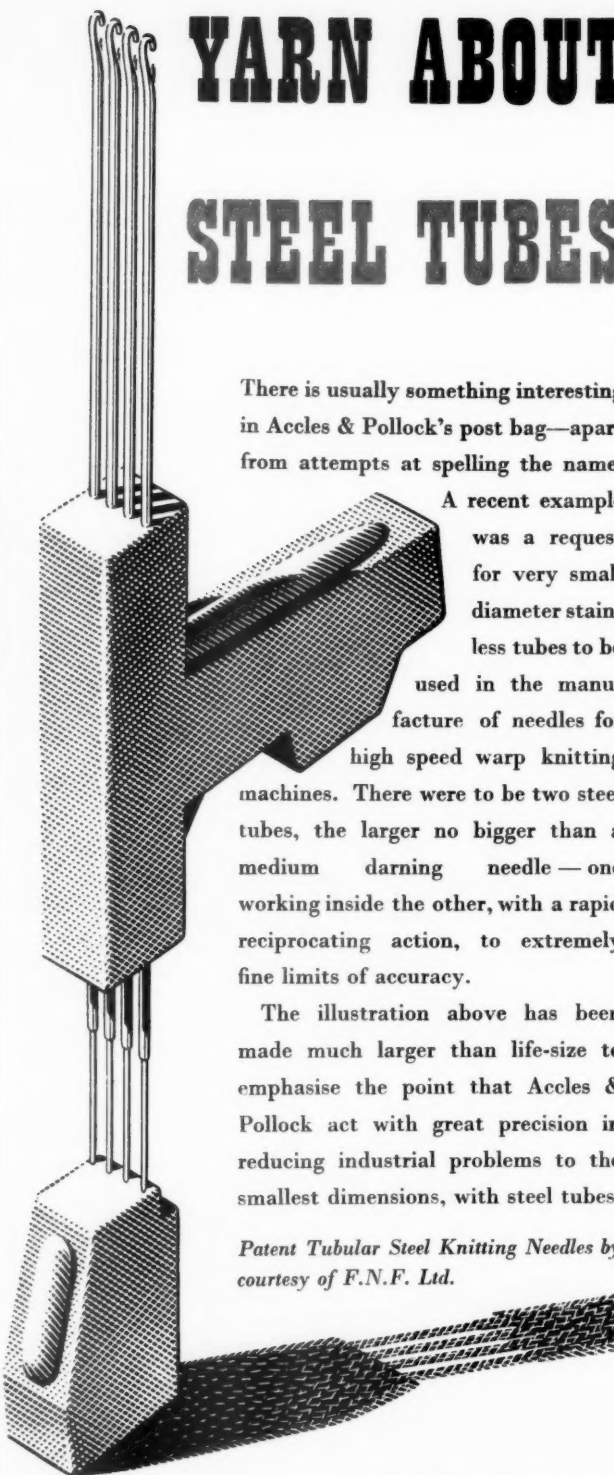
A recent example was a request for very small diameter stainless tubes to be

used in the manu-
facture of needles for


high speed warp knitting machines. There were to be two steel tubes, the larger no bigger than a medium darning needle—one working inside the other, with a rapid reciprocating action, to extremely fine limits of accuracy.

The illustration above has been made much larger than life-size to emphasise the point that Accles & Pollock act with great precision in reducing industrial problems to the smallest dimensions, with steel tubes.

Patent Tubular Steel Knitting Needles by
courtesy of F.N.F. Ltd.



ACCLES & POLLOCK

Makers & manipulators of seamless
tubes in stainless and other steels.  COMPANY

OLDBURY · BIRMINGHAM